That with her angrie tayle belabors him
for being lazie

Sopho. His warlike launce
bent like a crosse bow lath, alas the while

Franc. His courage quencht, and so farre quencht

Petru. 'Tis well Sir,

Fran. That anie prime S^t cuen small S^t Davy
may lash him with a leeke.

Petru. What then?

Sopho. fly, fly, quoth then, the fearefull dwarfe,
here is no place for liuing man.

Petru. Well my masters if I doe sinke vnder my busines,
as I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first
that has miscaried so, thats my comfort
what may be done without impeach or wast / Enter Jaques.
I can or will doe. How now? is my fayre bride a bed?

Jaques. No truly Sir.

Petron. Not a bed yet! body a me, weele vp and rifle her,
here's a coyle with a maidenhead, 'tis not intayld,
is yet?

Petru. If it be, Ile try all the law 'ith land, but Ile cut it of,
lets vp, lets vp. come.

Jag. That you cannot neither.

Petru. Why?

Jagu. Vnlesse you'd drop through the chimney like a daw,
or force a breach 'ith' windores, you may vntile the
house, 'tis possible.

Petru. What dorst thou meane?

Jag. A morall Sir, the ballat will expresse it
the wind and the rayne, has turn'd you back againe,
ye cannot be lodgèd there, the truth is

All

All the doores are barricadoed, not a cat-hole
but holds a murder int', thee's victuall'd
for this month.

Petru. Art thou not drunck?

Soph. Hee's drunke, he's drunke, come come lett's vp.

Jag. Yes yes, I am drunke, ye may goe vp, ye may
gentlemen, but take heed to your heads, I say no more.

Soph. Ile try that— Exit Sophocles.

Petro. How dost thou say, the doore fast lockt, fellow.

Jag. Yes truly Sir, 'tis lockt and guarded to, and two as desperate
toungues planted behind it as are yet buttond; they stand vpon
their honors, and will not giue vp without strange composition;
Ile assure you, marching away with their peeces cockt and
bullets in their mouthes will not satisfie them.

Petru. How's this? how's this, they are;
Is there another with her?

Jag. Yes marry is there, and an Engliere.

Moro. Who's that for loues sake?

Jag. Colonell Bianca the commands the workes, Spinola's but a
ditcher to her; there's a halfe moone, I am a poore man, but if
you'd giue me leaue, sir, Ile venture a yeares wages, draw all yo^r
force before it, & mount your ablest peece of battery, you shall
not enter int' these three nights yet. Enter Sopho.

Petru. I should laugh at that good Jaques,

Soph. Beate back again, shes fortifiéd for euer.

Jag. Am I drunke now, Sir.

Sopho. He that dares most, goe vp now, and be cold.
I haue scapt a pretty scowring

Petru. What are they mad, haue we another Bedlam
She doth not talke I hope;

Sopho. Oh terribly, extreamly, fearefully, the noyse

at